

serted and doubtless many landlords pray that congressional sittings may hereafter commence on the 1st of December and close on the 30th of November in each and every year. Next spring, however, there will be a harvest. The new President, be his name Winfield or James, will then find a multitudinous host of devotees, each anxious to immolate himself on the altar of his country to the extent of a post-office, clerkship, consulship, "anything that will pay." Come on my friend to the inauguration and behold the great metropolitan Capital of a Nation of 50,000,000. While you may not be greatly prepossessed in favor of those you may meet from other parts, you will like our citizens. We believe you will discover more refined looking, intelligent faces, both ladies and gentlemen, on our streets and in society, than in any city you can mention. The departments are full of men with superior capacities, equal to any position under the Government, and agreeable, intelligent women, fitted to adorn any station in life. These have often been most infamously slandered by scribblers from the Capital, whose venom, however, is harmless. These bright looking clerks live here during the whole year (with the exception of a fortnight holiday) and it is a pleasant sight to behold them mornings and evenings going to and returning from their clerical labors.

Well, we really confess to a partiality for Washington in August as well as January, and do not propose to abandon it either for mountain or seaside this summer, so some luckless landlord will be minus \$20 or \$30 and the company of yours respectfully.

Hon. William R. Myers.

Soldiers residing in the district in Indiana where this gentleman is now running for Congress, remember that it is all important he should be elected. He is a very efficient member of the committee now investigating the Pension Office and is doing hard work in your behalf, being chairman of the subcommittee, on whom devolves the heaviest labor. Mr. Myers went right into his work with coat off and sleeves rolled up, and dug out 500 cases at once, showing how soldiers had been wronged by the Commissioner. As an illustration, Wm. J. Hammond, of Company A, Thirty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, residence Belsano, Pa., was rated by his examining surgeons at \$8 per month. Bentley gives him \$2 from 1864 and \$6 from 1878. Now, since the *expose* of this Bentley plan, chiefly we say with pleasure, through Mr. Myers' efforts, the cutting down business at the Pension Office has been squelched. These patriotic and honorable labors of Mr. Myers may not be brought to a close during the present Congress, and therefore he will be needed in the next Congress to finish the work. Again, we advise you to stand by Capt. William R. Myers, who may be relied upon to do you honest faithful service.

Do not experiment with a new man who might sell you out and betray you. Soldiers, stand by your friend and defender!

#### A Noble Boy for West Point.

Oswald Morrissey, a New York boy, twelve years of age, who in June last at the risk of his life rushed into a burning house and rescued a sleeping infant from the flames, is about to receive an honorable and well-deserved recognition of his heroism. The facts relating to his noble bravery are that as he was passing along the street the shrieks and screams of a frantic mother were heard, as she ran out of a burning building, calling on some one to save her infant child. It was on a bed in a room in the top story of one of those high tenement houses peculiar to New York, and as the flames appeared to be gathering around that room, even the most courageous firemen refused the mother's appeals to rescue the child, believing their efforts would be fruitless to save it, and would only result in their own deaths. Oswald heard this refusal of the firemen and his resolution was fixed. Flinging down the box of salt, which he was carrying home, and asking in what room the body laid, he rushed into the burning building amid the almost stifling smoke and bounded up the stairway. He was gone some five minutes—few ever expected to behold him again. The building appeared to be engulfed in flames

and smoke. Most intense was the anxiety concerning his fate. But huzza! huzza! here he comes down the stairway, badly scorched, his face covered with soot, his clothing in places burning. He lays the infant in the arms of its mother. Then there were long and loud shouts from the multitude. Oswald's face and arms were burned to some extent but he has now entirely recovered. Now, this boy is a gem. He is a genuine hero, though he comes of very poor parents, who earn their daily bread by hard labor. Well, Oswald Morrissey is to be a student at West Point. A number of wealthy and influential citizens of New York have resolved on this. The time may come when young Morrissey will be Commander-in-chief of the American Army, but his rank with God and man will never stand higher than when he rescued that infant child from the blazing building.

#### A New Feature in The Tribune.

You will observe in looking over this number that we devote two pages of it to the ladies and children. One we call "The Ladies Page," the other "The Children's Page." Here we intend to place something of interest to soldiers' wives and children and unless there is a very special call upon our columns for matter immediately affecting soldiers' interests, future numbers will be thus arranged. We purpose to pack THE TRIBUNE "chock-full" of matter which will be read eagerly. Our subscribers are now constantly writing how much they prize the paper. In the future we believe they will even be better pleased with it. Remember our terms. Ten copies for \$4, (with extra copy to getter-up of club,) and if you get us fifteen subscribers and send \$7.50 you will secure our beautiful and reliable clock, as a premium. See last page about the clock.

#### The Electoral Vote for President.

On bended knee, we ask our Jersey friends to forgive us, for only allowing their State EIGHT electoral votes in the table published last month, when it really is entitled to NINE. But they really ought to pick a quarrel with the editor of the *Border Star*, Columbus, Kansas, in his issue of July 30, for only giving their State FIVE votes. That is too outrageously rough on glorious and patriotic New Jersey. Now here is the corrected table:

Alabama.....	10	Mississippi.....	8
Arkansas.....	6	Missouri.....	15
California.....	6	Nebraska.....	3
Colorado.....	3	Nevada.....	3
Connecticut.....	6	New Hampshire.....	5
Delaware.....	3	New Jersey.....	9
Florida.....	4	New York.....	35
Georgia.....	11	North Carolina.....	10
Illinois.....	21	Ohio.....	22
Indiana.....	15	Oregon.....	3
Iowa.....	11	Pennsylvania.....	29
Kansas.....	5	Rhode Island.....	4
Kentucky.....	12	South Carolina.....	7
Louisiana.....	8	Tennessee.....	12
Maine.....	7	Texas.....	8
Maryland.....	8	Vermont.....	5
Massachusetts.....	13	Virginia.....	11
Michigan.....	11	West Virginia.....	5
Minnesota.....	5	Wisconsin.....	10
Total.....			369

#### The Country Press.

On looking over our extensive exchange list, we are often impelled to believe there is a larger share of practical wisdom to be found in the editorials of what are called "country papers," than in the more stylish and pretentious journals, published in our great cities. There may not be so many Latin quotations used, there may not be so much scholastic acquirement displayed, (though you will find many graduates of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and other colleges running little weeklies in the West and Northwest,) but you will observe, we think, evidences that their editors are not so speculative in their ideas; they mingle more with the people, they gather inspiration from discussing questions of public concern with the people whom they meet freely and socially; while the city editor, in his elegant mirrored and carpeted sanctum, wrapped up in opinions derived from books and moving in a select and exclusive circle which stands aloof from the masses is scarce ever in personal contact with men who in their workshops or on their farms give the keynote to public opinion.

Let the two classes of editors be illustrated by the two classes of statesmen. Take Abraham Lin-

coln and Edward Everett, which of these statesmen best understood the people of this nation? Which possessed the largest practical wisdom? We are led into these thoughts by reading some extracts from a little sheet before us called "The Grand Meadow, (Minn.) News." They are words we heartily cheer and indorse:

"By what measure of justice then, are the private soldiers denied even the small pittance which many of them should receive, who contracted disease while in the service, but who have not yet been able to get a hearing from the Government for which they risked their lives, and for which they are now groping their way in darkness and destitution. Several such cases are known to us among our own comrades; and a sense of justice to them compels us to say, that the mottoes which encircled the Capitol building in 1865 have become a mockery and a shame. Our Government in its grand scheme to promote emigration, has donated hundreds of millions of acres of our best farming lands to aid railroads in pushing their lines across the continent for the purpose of inducing foreigners to settle up the West, while a private soldier is unable, through disease contracted in the service, to gain only a bare pittance for himself and family, and who must spend five years (with term of service out) to enable him to acquire a title to a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres of land."

#### The Cultivation of Tea.

We publish in another column an interesting sketch relating to raising tea in this country. Through the laudable and persevering efforts of Commissioner Le Due, we now know that the fragrant plant can be successfully cultivated in the Southern parts of the United States. Our immense territory extending to the North Pole—remember, Alaska, which we bought of Russia, runs to the farthest northern point on the globe—to almost the land of perpetual summer, we doubt not might raise any plant now growing on earth. We can and do already raise coffee, lemons, oranges, bananas, grapes, (equal to the finest vineyards in Europe) cocoa nuts, pomegranates, figs, etc. Soon we will have the trees bearing spices, found now only under the Equator. There's no mistake about it—this is a g-r-e-a-t c-o-u-n-t-r-y and if the Yankee Nation has no right to brag, just inform us of any part of "created nater," that has the right.

#### Reunions this Fall.

Soldiers, let us know when and where you purpose to hold reunions this fall. There will doubtless be a great many of these gatherings. We would like the soldiers generally to become acquainted with our paper, and if any of our subscribers who purpose attending reunions will so inform us, we will send them extra copies of THE TRIBUNE to hand out to soldier friends and others interested. Please make a note of this.

#### The Holly (Mich.) Register.

Among our many prized exchanges we ever take pleasure in reading this spicy and well-conducted paper whose editor ever and anon is disposed to give us a kindly notice of which the following is the latest:

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE published by the National Tribune Company of Washington, D. C., is only 50 cents per year, and should be taken by every soldier in America. Specimen copies and numbers sent free on request. 10 copies (with extra copy to getter-up of club) \$4. Send for it.

#### Logan's Speech.

We have been expecting for weeks past to obtain Logan's speech in quantity, which a number of persons, subscribers and others, have sent for and paid for. Just now we are mortified to learn that the supply is exhausted. We shall, therefore, at once send to said persons the amount forwarded us for the speech. We regret the disappointment as much as any of our friends can.

#### The Tribune and Clock in "Old Kentucky."

SUNNY LANE, KY., August 2d, 1880.

Editor of The National Tribune:

Your excellent paper and beautiful little clock came promptly to hand. All are pleased with the paper and astonished at the clock and paper at so little money. The clock keeps good time. I give it a new name; you should call it the "Little Boss Clock." Hoping the Little Boss will tick on many mantles in Kentucky, I am yours, &c., C. C. COBBIN.